The Maltese Cross.

A Fascinating Story of Detective Skill, of Adventure and of Romance, in Which Are Printed Clues to Sums of Money Actually Hidden About the Streets of Washington.

IF YOU FIND THE MONEY, IT'S YOURS

The chapters of the Maltese Cross, published in this issue of The Sunday Times, contain clues to four hiding places about the streets of Washington in which is concealed a sum total of $100. In each of these hiding places will be an envelope marked with a white Maltese cross on a black background. Each envelope will contain a written order on The Times for the sum hidden in that place. The orders will be cashed at The Times office as soon as presented.

No employe of The Times or member of his family is eligible in the hunt for the hidden money.

No person who finds one of the sums is eligible in the hunt thereafter.

The money will be in the hiding places specified by the first, second and fourth clues at 7 o'clock Monday morning; that specified in the third clue will be traced as follows: A man dressed in dark clothes will leave The Times office at Tenth and D streets at 4:45 Monday afternoon. He will mark six Maltese crosses on the principal streets of Washington. Somewhere near the last cross he makes the money will be hidden.

The money will not be available until the hours mentioned.

The money is hidden in such places as to be readily reached by anyone solving the clues. It is never put where there is necessity or danger of the injury to property in searching for it.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Russia has at last drawn China into the war with Japan, in spite of the American note subscribed to by the powers declaring China's neutrality. Japan has claimed England's aid and received it. In consequence, the ports of China are closed, and American trade in the Far East is at a standstill. There are two parties in the United States, one favoring interference in the East and the other opposed to it.

At the head of the opposition is Senator Langhorne, the leader of the Republican party. A Russian secret society, the Maltese Cross, desires the overthrow of the Czar's government. In order to accomplish its end it sends representatives to the United States with orders to make this country interfere in the East so that the war may be stopped. For peace with terms unfavorable to Russia means the downfall of the government.

Representatives of the Maltese Cross enlist the aid of a number of New York millionaires by promising them great concessions in Russia. Billy Hale, a friend and protege of Senator Langhorne, returns from the seat of war, where he has been on a semi-diplomatic mission. He reaches Washington Sunday morning, and is told by Senator Langhorne, under whom he served when the Senator was ambassador to Russia, that the Maltese Cross is operating in this country. On the same train a beautiful woman, Marie von Breunen, a member of the Maltese Cross, comes to Washington. It is her duty to win the Senator to her cause by making him fall in love with her.

Hale goes for a ride in the Senator's automobile and in Rock Creek Park stops a runaway horse, thereby saving the life of Marjorie Lee, a niece of the Senator, whom Hale has never before seen. He is badly knocked out, and when he comes to finds himself lying on the ground, looking up into Marjorie's face.

CHAPTER IV.

"MARJORIE LEE."

"Billy Hale."

He spoke first, trying to raise his head from her lap, but a sharp pain shot through him, and he fell back.

"Don't try to move just yet," said Marjorie, her quick hands flying to his shoulders to prevent his moving. "Do you feel better now?"

Billy had not taken his eyes off her face since he first looked up. He wore a puzzled expression, as though he were trying to recollect where he had ever seen her before. But if there was stowed away in the subconscious strata of his brain any shadowy remembrances he could not connect them directly with the fair face before him. Fair it was, as many a man—and woman, too—would be forced to admit, though the features were by no means perfect. For Marjorie had that indefinite quality which no human being has yet put successfully into words, but which they endeavor to express in the adjective "attractive." Whether it lies in the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the coloring, who can say? There are many who have it not, but who prove brilliant talkers, firm friends, good comrades on longer acquaintance, and there are others who prove the reverse. But there is none downright attractive who does not prove the salt of the earth.

Marjorie Lee, however, did not rely entirely upon this intangible something to attract and hold attention. Her dark brown, almost black hair, her heavy, arched eyebrows, her mouth, neither small nor large, but with a cheerful tilt at the corners, a small nose that was the delight of her uncle and everyone else who knew her, her rounded chin, completing the oval of her face, were much to Hale's taste, and he was fastidious in the extreme.

With a puzzled expression still on his face he continued to gaze into Marjorie's eyes. She met his look frankly, but under his persistent eyes she suddenly began to change color. In a second she was pink as peony. For much to her own disgust—she was the only one, however, who was ever disgusted—she blushed easily and often, sometimes at the slightest provocation. An almost imperceptible pressure of her hands on his shoulders brought Billy to himself.

"I beg pardon," he said. Then quickly, "How did you know me?"

"How did you know me," she answered quick as a flash. "But are you much hurt? Oh, I hope not."

"Guess I will pull through," said Billy, smiling lazily. Then repeating his question, "How did you know me?"

"That was the bravest thing I ever saw," impulsively. "You saved my life." The brown eyes were more grateful than the words, and Billy felt that for another such glance he would gladly risk breaking his neck again.

"I feel better," said he, raising his head. This time he was more successful and managed to sit up quite creditably, though for a second the pain in his head was intense. The cavalryman and Jesse had stood by during this short scene, looking very much as though they would like to be of some assistance but not knowing just what to do. There are few persons who do know what to do in case of an accident. Others are far wiser to do nothing. Jesse still held the open flask in his hand.

"Try another drop of this, sir," he said to Billy.

"Thanks, I will," with an apologetic glance toward Marjorie. "That's better," he said, as he handed back the flask.

Marjorie had risen to her feet. She was tall and selder and straight as an arrow. She was the best type of the modern American athletic girl. Open air sports had made her graceful as well as strong, not brawny.

With a sudden return to the fitness of things, and the shyness of the debutante, who is not yet accustomed to making introductions, she said, glancing first at the cavalry man and then at Billy, "Mr. Hale, this is Mr. Grahame of the cavalry." Then turning quickly to the cavalryman she held out her hand.

"I am so sorry it happened, Mr. Grahame. It was all my fault. I should have taken your advice about the curb. But you see how headstrong I am." The corners of her mouth went up in a bewitching smile, and the cavalryman forgot for a moment his embarrassment and chagrin. He looked his thanks at her, and shook hands with Hale.

"That was a bully thing to do," he said to Billy, and there was more admiration than envy in his voice.

"I am sure I must know your brother. We had a man, Harry Grahame, in 189- at college, and you look enough like him to be his double."

"And you are Billy Hale. I have heard Harry speak of you all my life," said the younger man cordially."

"If you two are going to reminisce, I am going to tie up your wounded head, Mr. Hale," said Marjorie bringing out a handkerchief that might possibly have stretched half way round Billy's noup. Billy looked at it whimsically as it fluttered in her slender hand. Then all three laughed. So quickly is the ice broken when kindred spirits are together.

"Try mine," and Billy pulled his from his pocket. With deft hands and a murmured expression of pity Marjorie wiped away the blood from the long shallow cut in his head and bound it up in the improvised bandage.

"Are you sure there are no bones broken," she said as she gave the bandage a final pat and thrust a pin through it which looked as though it had gone straight into Billy's head but which escaped it in some miraculous manner known only to girls.

"Sure," said Billy, "and if your highness permits, I'll get up." With a little assistance he scrambled to his feet.

"Good Lord, I looked as though I had been through a fence rush on the old campus," said he, looking down at his tattered and muddy clothes.

But having attended to the man Marjorie was now looking after the horse. Dan, the big brown, lay where he fell for several minutes, panting and groaning. He was on his feet again now. He looked decidedly the worse for wear with the skin scraped off several square inches of his anatomy and an ugly cut in one knee. But there was nothing very serious the matter with him. Marjorie spoke to him, and he showed the white of his eye, for he was an ugly brute whom scarcely another girl in Washington would have cared to ride. Much against her uncle's will, she had persisted in doing so, however.

It was decided that Marjorie and Hale should ride back to town in the automobile, and Harry Grahame should bring the horses.

Though he was badly bruised and had a splitting pain in his head Hale sat opposite Marjorie in the tonneau, smiling as though he had never felt better in his life. Nor was he sure that he would have exchanged his aches and pains to be anywhere else.

"How did you know it was me?" he asked, ungrammatically.

"Jesse and the automobile," she replied. "Besides, Uncle Jim had told me he expected you today. Then he has photographs of you strewn all about the house, and—but I won't tell you if you can't remember," and the quick blush rose in her cheeks again.

"What is it," said Billy. "You know, when I first looked at you I felt as though I ought to remember something, but I could not. When have I ever seen you before? Won't you help me out?"

But Marjorie refused to be drawn.

"How did you know me," she said.

"Jim told me this morning he had a niece staying with him, and that she was out riding with an officer from Fort Myer. I guessed the rest." Billy smiled guiltily, as he thought of the conversation he and the Senator had had about this same niece.

"Uncle Jim does nothing but talk of you from morning till night," said Marjorie.

"Very tiresome of him, isn't it?"

"Yes," frankly. "But I am very glad you have come at last. Now I can see for myself if he has been telling the truth."

"Mustn't believe all Jim says about me. He is an awful liar at times."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to say such things of Uncle Jim?"

"Not a bit. You are a debutante, he tells me."

"Yes, and why were you not here for my coming out tea?"

"Would have been if I had known," said Billy.

"If you are as wise as Uncle Jim says you are, you ought to know everything."

By this time Billy had decided he rather liked talking to the Senator's niece as well as looking at her. Jesse had brought the car at a moderate pace out of the park, and it was running smoothly over the asphalt pavement. As they were passing a vacant lot, which lies in that section of northwest division, bounded by a road whose name came from that of the discoverer of the New World, a street whose name is now a number, but may be some day an avenue, a street whose name is a number which can be divided by three, two, nine and six, but not by four, and a street named for a great inland body of water, a small group consisting of two boys and a tall, handsomely dressed woman caught Marjorie's eye. The larger of the two boys was beating the smaller unmercifully. The little fellow retaliated the best he could. At their feet was an envelope marked with a Maltese Cross. Even as Marjorie looked the woman reached the pair who had no eyes for others than themselves. She seized the big boy by the shoulder and whirled him around.

"Oh, look," cried Marjorie. "I am sure it is Mme. Von Breunen. Stop, Jesse, we must help her."

As she spoke she opened the door of the automobile. Jesse put on the brake and the two jumped out. Billy Hale crawled lamely to the ground, but he could not hurry to the rescue.

"He saw the nondescript—a long knife in his hand—struggling in the prince's grasp."

By the time Marjorie reached the scene of action Mme. Von Breunen had entire command of the situation.

"How dare you, you brute," she had said to the bully, who was almost as tall as she. He slunk away before her flashing eyes, and at the sight of still further assistance to the enemy he took to his heels. Mme. Von Breunen turned to the small boy.

"Did he hurt you?"

"No'm; not much," said the latter, who, boylike, hated to have a woman defend him, even if the odds were against him.

"Can we help, Mme. Von Breunen," said Marjorie, coming up behind. "It was fine of you to stop the fight."

Marie Von Breunen wheeled sharply as she heard her name, and saw Marjorie. In a second her expression softened, and she held out her hand.

"How do you do, Miss Lee. I think I have settled the row. It was very good of you to come to my assistance. But who is that?" and she glanced at Billy, hobbling toward them in his tattered clothes, his head bound up.

"Billy Hale—I mean Mr. Hale," and again that uncontrollable blush came. "Mr. Hale, Mr. Hale," she called, "do go back to the car and sit down. I'm sure you'll hurt yourself."

But Billy Hale had no idea of going back. He had heard Marjorie say Madame Von Breunen's name, and he had recognized her a moment later. The very sight of her face took him back four years, back to Egypt and Cairo and the Nile, when he had last seen this beautiful woman. He had been a secretary in the legation there and Madame Von Breunen's husband, whom he remembered as a cold-blooded German, had represented Russia in some diplomatic schemes. She had flashed upon the European colony there in all the brilliance of her beauty, and in a short time her home had been the most popular in the foreign settlement in the Eastern city. Billy had rendered her husband—though he disliked him to the verge of repulsion—a trifling service, and in consequence had been frequently invited to the Von Breunen home. One day during a boar hunt in the country—pig sticking as the English call it—Billy had saved Madame Breunen from a severe goring, if nothing worse. After that their acquaintance had ripened quickly into friendship. Because he was observant, not because she was a whiner, than which there is nothing more tiresome under the sun, he learned from little things that her life had not been an easy one. It was said that she had been forced into a marriage with a man whom she did not love while still a young girl. She had later learned to hate him, but she was too proud to tell the world. But besides this Billy had learned that she lived in constant dread of a power which she must obey, and at the nature of which Billy was only able to guess.

There had been an epidemic of fever. Billy Hale was one of the victims. He was desperately ill and the doctors had given up hope of saving his life when Madame Von Breunen arrived at the hospital accompanied by her husband and announced that she had come to nurse the sick man. From that time he improved slowly but steadily. She watched over him like a mother over a child. Almost by the strength of her own tremendous vitality she forced him to live. One day during the convalescing stage while he was still in the hospital he received a short note from her saying good-by. It did not say where she was going or why, merely good-by. From that day to this he had not seen her.

"Marie," he said, as he came toward her, "at last I have found you," and he extended a grimy hand.

"You," was all she said as she took his hand. Her beautiful face had flushed suddenly, and then paled.

"Where have you been all this time? Why have you not let me know where to find you," said Billy in his eager boyish voice.

Marjorie watched this scene with a growing feeling of discontent, she did not know why.

"What have you been doing to yourself," asked Madame Von Breunen of Billy.

"Mix-up with a horse on the road."

"He saved my life," said Marjorie, speaking for the first time.

"Oh," said Madame Von Breunen, and shot a quick glance from one to the other. "It's a habit of Mr. Hale's, saving lives, he saved mine once."

"'Nough, 'nough," cried Billy. "Please let up on me." He saw there was something wrong, but man-like he refused to notice it. "Where are you staying Marie?"

"I have a house for the winter on Massachusetts avenue, 1775."

"May I come soon? And your husband, is he with you?"

"He died two years ago." Madame Von Breunen spoke quietly, but it was clear from the tone of her voice that this was a page of her life which she preferred to leave turned down.

"Ah, pardon me. And now"—without the awkward pause that should have followed—"how did you happen to be in this out-of-the-way part of the city this morning?"

"I was taking a walk. You know how I love to walk, and when I saw that big boy pummeling the little one I could not help interfering. Whenever I see the strong oppressing the weak it makes my blood boil. I believe I would go to any lengths to punish the oppressor."

"I believe you would," said Billy.

Madame did not say, as she might have done, that she had gone for a walk soon after her breakfast this Sunday morning to think out a puzzle which was tormenting her and in which Billy Hale played no small part.

As they had talked they had walked back to the automobile.

"Won't you let us take you home," said Marjorie to Madame Von Breunen. "You can sit in the tonneau with Mr. Hale and I will sit in front with Jesse."

"Thank you, my dear, but I shall finish my walk. Good-by," she said smiling, "and don't forget to come to see me soon, both of you."

For a block or two after they had left Madame Von Breunen, neither Billy or Marjorie said a word. Finally he said:

"If it had not been for Madame Von Breunen, I should have died of fever in Egypt."

"Really," said Marjorie. "She is a very beautiful woman."

"Yes," answered Hale, "and that is not all." He leaned his battered head against his hand. "I had not seen her since the day she left Cairo nearly four years ago."

Marjorie did not reply. There seemed to have come a break in the good comradeship which was springing up so rapidly between these two. But glancing shyly at Billy she saw that the bandage had slipped and the blood was streaming down his face again. In a moment she was all sympathy and made him lean over while she tightened the bandage.

"You are a first class doctor," said Billy.

"I am a poor nurse," she replied.

"Don't believe it. I'd like to try you."

"Do you think that all the women in the world have nothing to do but nurse you," petulantly.

Billy looked at her in pained surprise, but wisely held his peace. He had never thought he understood women—at least, not for many years. Was there ever a man who at one time in his life did not think that he knew woman through and through?

"Here we are at last," said Marjorie, as the machine stopped in front of the Senator's house. "I wonder if Uncle Jim is in. Jesse, help Mr. Hale." And she ran swiftly up the steps.

Billy followed slowly. As they walked through the hall together Billy said:

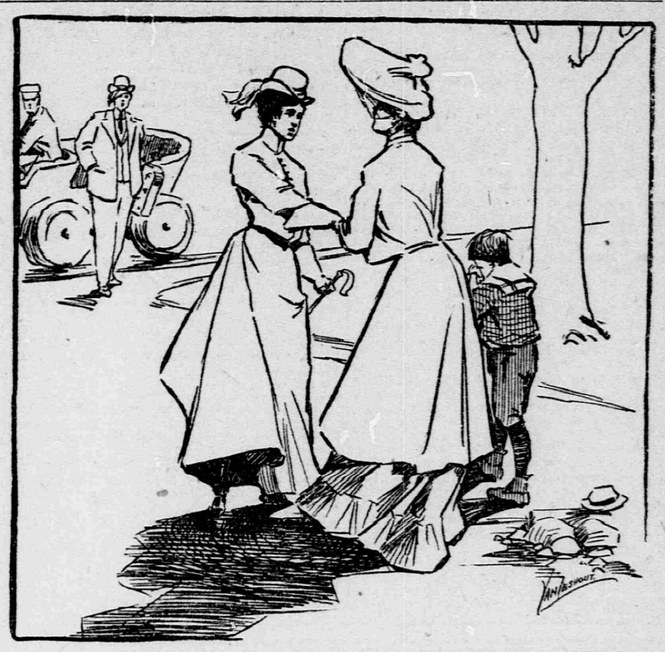
"Marjorie"—it was the first time he had called her by name—"did you honestly mean what you said to that cavalryman?"

"What was that?"

"That you were sorry the runaway had happened."

His eyes held hers for a moment. Then her long lashes fell and the rich red stole over her face.

"No, Billy, I didn't," and she dashed hastily upstairs.



"How do you do, Miss Lee? I think I have settled the row."

CHAPTER V.

Just as many a bad coin is passed on the world as the genuine article, so many a man, because he is well groomed and well mannered, is passed upon and by the world as a gentleman. Why not? It is reasonable to suppose that if the product of a careful mint, representing generations of skilled labor, can be counterfeited, the same is true of the product of generations of training and civilization. A gentleman is born, but he is rarely born in a hovel, notwithstanding the popular belief in this country. There are many rough diamonds with gentlemanly instincts; they may even become polished after a few years in the social mill, but they are not gentlemen in the true meaning of the term, that is, a man of family. The confounding of the two, the man of family and the man of none, has given rise to much of the ridicule with which American gentlemen have been greeted in Europe.

Senator Langhorne was a gentleman, the simon pure article. His people had been gentlefolk in the old country for hundreds of years when an adventurous ancestor decided to come to America. This ancestor brought his wife with him and they settled in South Carolina. But it was not many years before the family pushed farther to the North and West. First into Kentucky, then across Ohio and into Missouri. Pioneers ever, but always retaining the evidences of their gentle blood.

The Sunday afternoon after Billy Hale's rescue of Marjorie Lee Senator Langhorne sat in the library of his handsome house on Dupont circle. A library it was in truth as well as in name. From the floor almost to the ceiling the book shelves stretched, each bearing its burden of the best writings of all ages. For the Senator was a scholar. He read his Virgil, and Homer, and the great Greek dramatists with as much pleasure as he had thirty years or more before in his college days. But this afternoon he sat in his great chair without one of his favorites in his hand. A half hour he sat motionless, except to raise a cigar to his lips. The Maltese Cross was uppermost in his mind.

When he had lived in St. Petersburg he had come in contact with this mysterious organization, as a spectator indeed, but sufficiently close to realize its tremendous power and something of its methods. That the society had turned its activities toward America in the present crisis, knowing what he did of conditions in the United States and in Russia, did not on the whole surprise him. That the society had been shrewd enough to single him out as the key to the situation did not surprise him. One thing, however, he did not know, and that was how powerful the Maltese Cross was in this country.

He realized, as every leader must in a crisis, how much depended upon the course he chose. Up to that day he had deemed it best to keep the United States out of the muss. Better to lose trade than lives, he held. In his heart he sympathized with those Russians who were struggling to lift the yoke of oppression from the necks of the peasant. He knew that there were many men and women of the best blood in Russia who had joined the Maltese Cross, though they hazarded their lives to do so. He had paid no attention to the requests he had received to meet representatives of the society, although he had made no objection to Billy Hale's doing so. But now Billy lounged upstairs with a bandaged head and a bruised body, with the doctor's instruction not to leave the house for two whole days. So he would be unable to keep the appointment for the Senator at midnight. As he took the last puff at his cigar before throwing it away the Senator decided that he would himself find out what was in the wind.

Upstairs in the Senator's own particular den Billy Hale was lying in a steamer chair watching Marjorie Lee as she talked of what she had done and what she planned to do during the busy Washington season. As she talked her expression constantly changed. There was nothing wooden about Marjorie.

"So you like coming out," said Billy, as she finished a vivid description of the last reception she had attended.

"Yes, of course. All girls do, though"—looking very wise—"some of them say they do not. But I would rather ride or swim or play golf than go to dinners and teas and receptions, and—no, not dances. I like to dance as well almost as to ride. The first ball of the season is on Wednesday. I am so excited. So are we all—I mean the debutants. Don't you think you will be able to go"—wistfully. "I do hope so."

"Yes, indeed," replied Billy. "I could go tonight. That old sawbones doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Please promise me to do what the doctor says." Marjorie had come over to the steamer chair, and the brown eyes looked down at him appealingly. And Billy felt that he would say yes to anything she asked him at that moment, no matter how foolish.

"Certainly he will do what the doctor tells him if I have to stay here and make him." The Senator heard Marjorie's appeal as he came in the door.

"Now, Madge"—his pet name for his niece—"run downstairs, I want to talk business with this wounded hero."

"And you think women are no good at business, of course. You will see some day."

At this both men laugh.

"Come back soon," calls Billy after her, as she vanishes from the room without deigning to look at either of them.

"Billy," said the Senator, "I am going to find out what they want. I am going to keep that appointment myself tonight."

"Think that's wise? But they would hardly try any tricks on you here in Washington."

"I shall go," and Billy knew the matter was decided.

"Of course it's something about the crisis in this country, and that in Russia," mused Hale. "But I am at a loss to put my finger on what they expect of you. You will not have any trouble—" Billy accented the word. "But it is always well to be prepared. Got a gun? I wish I could go with you."

"Marjorie tells me you met Madame Von Breunen this morning," said the Senator. "Curious woman that, but beautiful."

Hale told the Senator all he knew of Marie Von Breunen and his own friendship for her and the debt he owed.

"If she saved your life, Billy, she is a friend of mine, too," and the Senator smiled at the younger man. This was as close as he ever came to being demonstrative in his affection for Billy.

"I admired Madame Von Breunen when I first met her two weeks ago. Now, I know I should like her."

The minute hand of the tall grandfather's clock in the niche on the stairs of Senator Langhorne's home pointed at five minutes to 12. Muffled in his great coat, for the night was cold and a light snow was falling, the Senator let himself out of the front door and walked down Connecticut avenue to Rhode Island avenue, where he was to meet a representative of the Maltese Cross. Turning to his left along Rhode Island avenue the Senator walked slowly, waiting to see what would happen. As he approached Seventeenth street a man's figure came out of the shadow of a tree.

"Senator Langhorne?" said this man.

"Yes," replied the Senator.

"Please follow me," and the stranger walked to a closed carriage standing on Seventeenth street. He opened the door and motioned to the Senator to get in. Then he seated himself beside the Senator. The driver whipped up his horse and they were off. Not a word had passed between the Senator's guide and the driver. None was necessary.

"Where are we going?" asked the Senator with pardonable curiosity.

"I cannot tell you anything, Senator Langhorne. My orders were to meet you and bring you to my superiors."

Seeing that it was useless to question the man the Senator settled himself comfortably and said nothing more. The carriage rolled on and the Senator could tell they were going into the northeast section of Washington. At last it stopped before a house in that part of a dimly lit street whose name designated a great body of water, which lies between a square named in honor of a famous Secretary of War and a street whose name is a number that reads the same backward as it does forward.

The shadows on the street seemed to the Senator's heightened imagination to take the form of Maltese Crosses.

The house was perfectly black, except where the snow had clung to the eaves and window sills. All the shutters were closed. Not a ray of light was visible. It was silent as the grave. The Senator's guide walked straight up to the door and knocked three times. It was opened part way. Still no light. The interior of the house was as dark as the exterior. Nothing daunted the Senator thrust his huge form through the door. He had not gone two yards when he touched a heavy curtain. An unseen hand pulled this aside and the Senator found himself in a dingy hall lighted by candles. Before him stood a tall, aristocratic man.

"I am glad you have come, Senator," he said, extending a hand. "You remember me? We met last in St. Petersburg."

"Yes," answered the Senator. He apparently did not see the outstretched hand for he put his own right hand to his eyes to shield them from the sudden light. "Yes, prince, I remember you. It appears that you have remembered me so well that you have traveled across a wide ocean to see me again. It was kind of you, prince, but will you tell me why?"

"Not in the hall," and the prince waved him courteously into a large room. In it were two other men.

"You know Paul, I think, Senator Langhorne."

"Ah, the chemist, if I remember rightly." The Senator bowed to a short, broad German with stained hands. The third man was the nondescript character who had been present at the meeting between the prince and the millionaires in New York. The prince did not introduce him to the Senator, but the latter cast a searching glance at this same nondescript. "I know you, too," he said. "I have seen you at a socialist meeting in New York."

The nondescript did not answer; he merely became more interested in the Senator's boots. He might have been a shoemaker by trade.

"Now, prince, kindly explain at once why I am here tonight, instead of being in my bed at home." The Senator spoke in a brisk, businesslike tone. "Of course I know what you represent. Merely tell me what you want me to do."

The prince offered the Senator a chair. He, himself, stood with one arm resting on the mantelpiece as he addressed the little group.

"We have come to you, Senator Langhorne, for aid in overthrowing tyranny. A tyranny which has ground down the poor of Russia since the days of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. The power lies in your hand"—the prince stretched out one of his own shapely hands—"in the hand of a man who has always stood for justice and the uplifting of the masses in a land notorious for its love of freedom—to overthrow this tyranny. It is in your power to push aside forever the veil which has for centuries kept Russia in darkness and misery."

"How am I to accomplish this?" asked the Senator. He spoke without enthusiasm.

"You know without my telling you the condition of affairs in Russia today. The country is disrupted internally. From all quarters of the empire comes news of strikes, riots, assassinations. A disastrous war is eating up the country's wealth, and stealing the lives of its men. Russia is ripe for revolution, but the government still holds the balance of power. Should, however, the war with Japan be brought to a close with terms favorable to Japan, the government would lose its last hold upon the people. Already, the faith of the people in the person of its ruler has been shattered. Today, Japan and England have the upper hand. If peace were made Russia would lose, but in the hour of loss would win all."

"And the war is to be stopped—how?" asked the Senator, putting his finger on the kernal of the nut.

"The United States must interfere in the present crisis," said the prince. "If this country but raise a hand the war can be stopped immediately. And why should not the United States interfere? Half of your nation wants to interfere, has wanted to do so for months, even if it mean war. But you, Mr. Langhorne, have opposed it."

"Yes, prince, I have opposed such a step," admitted the Senator, slowly.

"Think, thing, what your opposition means." The prince extended an arm dramatically. "It means, possibly, the

(Continued on Page Nine, this Section.)